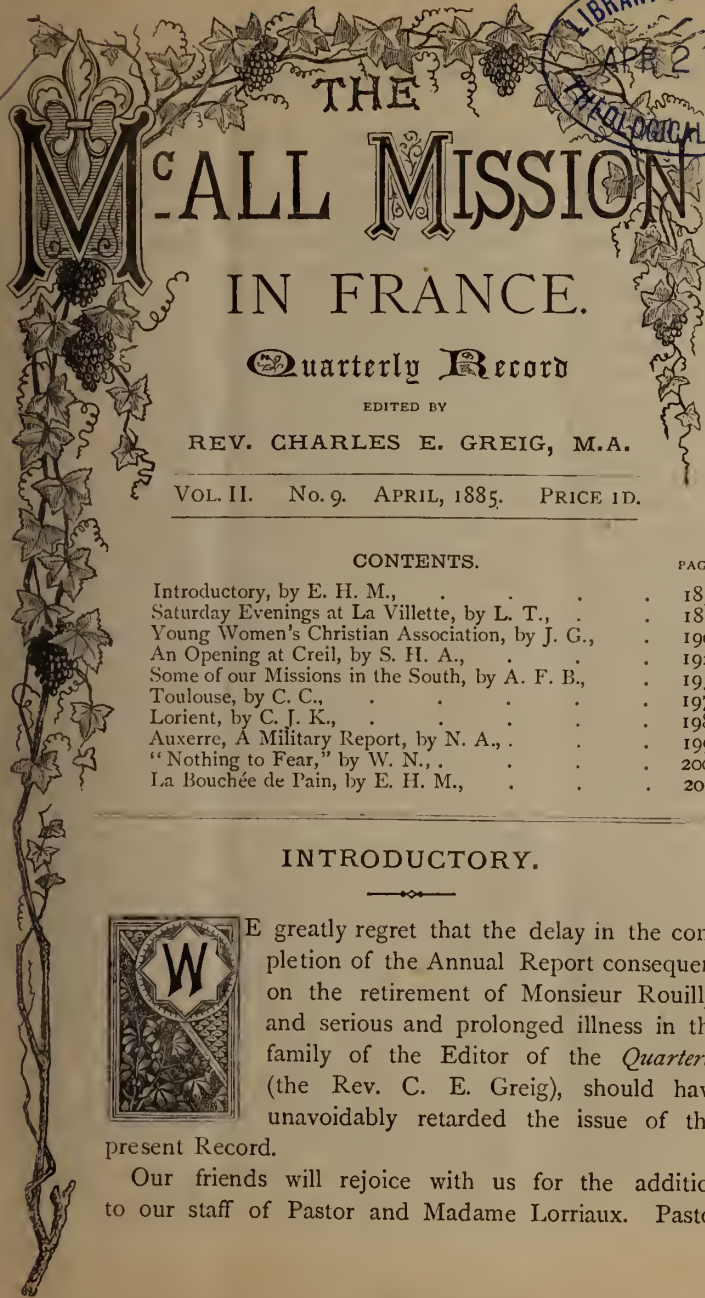


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THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

Quarterly Record

EDITED BY

REV. CHARLES E. GREIG, M.A.

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INTRODUCTORY.



WE greatly regret that the delay in the completion of the Annual Report consequent on the retirement of Monsieur Rouilly, and serious and prolonged illness in the family of the Editor of the *Quarterly* (the Rev. C. E. Greig), should have unavoidably retarded the issue of this present Record.

Our friends will rejoice with us for the addition to our staff of Pastor and Madame Lorriaux. Pastor

Lorriaux has been so well known as the Secretary of the "Société Centrale" that he needs no introduction to those interested in the evangelisation of France. One year since, Pastor Lorriaux was so overwhelmed with the responsibilities of the largest Home Missionary Society of France that his strength gave way, and he was obliged to resign. During the past winter he has been acting as supply to the church at Cambrai. Now he has yielded to our urgent invitation to return to Paris and become the Secretary of the McAll Mission. And freed from so many responsibilities attaching to his position in the Société Centrale, there is little fear of his finding his strength overtaxed. His long experience in the direction of a missionary society promises invaluable aid to Mr. McAll in the details of the Mission.

It is a matter of happy moment that the intimate relationship of Pastor Lorriaux with the Protestant Church of France will tend to bind stronger and closer the ties of our Mission to this beloved Church, the hearty sympathy and helpful co-operation of whose pasteurs and members have been of such invaluable aid toward our success. Madame Lorriaux, who shares all her husband's enthusiasm and experience in evangelistic work, is already invited to join the Ladies' Committee, directors of the women's work of the Mission. We expect both these dear friends about the 1st June.

We have great pleasure in informing our readers that the hall which is to be maintained by our American friends as a memorial to her whose name will ever live in the hearts and annals of the McAll Mission as one of its very best friends, has at last been, after much patient and difficult search, selected. "Salle Beach" is to be found—59 Avenue Wagram—close to the Rond Point des Ternes. It is very prettily and comfortably fitted up, and holds from 180 to 200 persons, having a nice room inside for mothers' meetings and young women's classes. At the opening meeting the hall was well filled with old friends and new-comers. Pastor Bersier presided. There were also present Rev. Dr. Beard, Rev. Wm. Newell, Dr. Wood, Ex-mayor of Southport, M. Saillens, Madame Ligny, &c. The people greatly appreciated the addresses and admired their new hall. The various work is going on very successfully there, and there are excellent audiences.

From Brittany we have very encouraging news. Pastor Kissel of *Lorient*, has opened another "Salle McAll" (the

third), at Carnel, a quarter of that great seaport, and it promises to give him plenty of work to do! Yes, Brittany is stirring up! The old fire, stamped out by the heel of the *foreigner*—the Spaniards and Italians of the Guise—is rekindling in our day, as in the days of D'Anelot, Coligny's noble brother, the first preacher of the Gospel in Brittany; "the *light* which travels *westward*" is travelling along the far-off shores of Brittany; and everywhere the devout Breton is welcoming the foot of the evangelist. Pastor Kissel's letter is bright reading, and so is the April report of the evangelists of the Mission de l'Intérieure (see "Signal").

And now a bit of good news for the Schools. Mr. Paul Passy, one of the members of our School Committee, has been elected member of the Société of the Ecoles de Dimanche. Knowing Mr. P. Passy as we do, we congratulate our friends and ourselves on this nomination. This link between the two societies will greatly facilitate our special work.

We may also congratulate our French friends on another point. The memoir of our late dear friend, the Rev. G. T. Dodds, by Dr. H. Bonar, has just been translated into French by Mr. E. Reveillaud, the friend and co-worker and fellow-traveller of Mr. Dodds. This work we should like to see in the hands of all young Frenchmen, specially of those who are destined to the pastorate, or are anxious to engage in *any* work for the Lord. It is an invaluable addition to French religious literature.

E. H. MOGGRIDGE.

Saturday Evenings at La Villette.

"And tell about those doings at the Rue d'Allemagne." Well, I quite expected as much, but instead of an invitation to "write it up," I was prepared for a stern summons to plead my defence on charges of unauthorised and heretical innovations in the mission domain.

It was this way. When we began our Sunday-school up there, the children were extremely irregular in their attendance; those who did come were not half tamed; and to complete our woe, we soon found that the more favourably inclined of the parents did not care whether the children came or not, while many actually prohibited their dirty little darlings from exposing themselves to the contagion of the hall. An exhilarating prospect indeed!

Of course I am only picturing a state of affairs more or less familiar to workers in all the salles. Indeed, the *directeurs* one and all will tell you that such was their own experience when they first began. And I suppose our successors will repeat the very same pathetic tale with as pitying shrugs of the shoulders when they come to take our places.

How to keep the children, and introduce a semblance of civilisation into our *réunions*, was the problem. Among the many "ways and means" of doubtful efficiency which suggested themselves, the idea of an occasional "children's evening" was presented. The plan was to have at stated intervals a little soirée or fête, wherein the pupils of the school should be the principal performers, and to which they should be allowed to invite their parents. We have had three of these entertainments during the course of the last few weeks, and the interest awakened, and other happy results visible in the school, make us confident that we have hit upon another good thing.

Let last Saturday evening serve as an example. In the first place we open the doors a full half hour before time, and invite all to come as early as possible. This results in a little "sociable," where we can chat with one another, and the teachers get better acquainted with both parents and children. I even fancy that the meeting of these good people one with another, within the Mission Hall, must give a new character to their conversation. The habitués feel an interest and ownership in the place. I know that while they meet and nod and shake hands, they appear very happy. One dear old lady, seventy years of age, whose placid face and white cap we see every Sunday in Monsieur Clouet's Bible class, whispered to me Saturday night:—"Quand je viens ici dans cette salle je laisse toute ma misère derriere la porte."

We began with prayer as usual, then followed a hymn (No. 107 of the *Recueil*), joined in heartily by all. Then reading of the morrow's S. S. lesson, Paul's journey to Rome, another hymn (No. 26). Now followed seven short recitations, "Le Colporteur Vaudois," "Dandolo," "Le Retour du Petit Savoyard," "Les Trois Amis," "La Vision," "Le Faux Malade," and "Le Diamant," interspersed with several choruses by the children: these they practise Thursday afternoons, coming voluntarily an hour before the école for the purpose. A pleasant variation was a vocal solo by one of our lady teachers.

Enfin, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, who favoured us once more with their presence, will testify that the music was not bad.

After the execution of this little programme, in which the children always take great pride, I read, for the edification of the parents, the names of the twenty-seven pupils who had not been absent or tardy during the month of March. It was interesting to see them watch for the names, the satisfaction their faces expressed upon hearing them, and the discontented looks of those whose little ones were not mentioned upon the list. Now at the end of about an hour, I conclude with a little talk on some practical subject, the purpose being to apply to their daily lives, by specific and homely illustrations, the teachings which they receive in the other meetings.

The rule is to admit only the children who bring their *bons points* of the preceding Sunday. There was some mourning over this law at first, but now the little vagrants are deciding to attend school more regularly in consequence. One little incorrigible presented himself with great assurance Saturday night, counting on admission because his name had been placed on the programme. We had to shock his sense of propriety by offering to dispense both with his recitation and his presence on account of his absence the preceding Sunday, but finally half relenting, we allowed him help "faire la porte" and gaze upon the promised land from afar off.

Of course the children were ready to patronise such an institution every week, or every evening, for that matter, but we had something more in view. We decided to have the children's evenings once a fortnight, alternating with popular conférences, on subjects closely connected with our Christian faith, and Christian activity. It chanced that the first of these was Pasteur Vinard's admirable lecture on Bernard Palissy. Needless to say, that all of the large audience, including sixty or more children, listened with the most gratifying attention. Two weeks later, M. Appia gave us a delightful little talk on the Basuto missions. Repairs being made in the salle, render it necessary to omit the conférence this week, but at the end of another fortnight we hope to have Mr. Greig with us, to tell about some of the other mission Sunday Schools in Paris. I am sure that our little folks will be surprised and made more earnest when they learn of the thirty or more similar schools, with which they are united as companies, or regiments in a little army.

Then we want Pasteur Lalot to come and tell about the St. Batholomew and Coligny, and Pasteur Appia on his Prison Visits, and MM. Reveillaud and Saillens, and Pasteur Monod, and all the rest. I wonder if they will consent?

This will give an idea of those innovations (innocent ones, we hope you may pronounce them) at the rue d'Allemagne. And here, as a last word, I am tempted to summarise a few of the things which we hope in our enthusiasm to accomplish by these and other means at our disposal:—

To become better acquainted with the children.

To make a more marked distinction between the faithful and the "*dissipés*" than is possible in the Sabbath school. (I have selected a committee of the most faithful ones above ten years old, who aid me in preparing programmes, preserving order, &c.)

To let the children feel that they are doing something in turn for us, for their parents, and for themselves.

To lead the parents to appreciate their children more, and consequently to treat them with greater kindness.

To touch these people on all sides of their natures, which our greater liberty in choice of subjects enables us to do.

To promote the "home feeling," by increasing their attachment for the *salle* and giving them more opportunities to help and encourage each other.

To bring them as soon as possible into relation with the outside Christian world, and interest them in Christian work everywhere.

May God help us all in the good work to which He has called us, and may He bless with His people everywhere, our good friends of La Villette, is my constant prayer. L. T.

Y. W. C. A. Soirée.

DEAR MR. G.,—I must snatch an hour to tell you of a charming little *soirée* given by the Young Women's Christian Association, which meets every Sabbath in the tiny room that nestles close to the side of the large *salle* at —.

Very pretty the *salle* looked as I entered it on Monday evening at eight o'clock. Two small white-draped tables, adorned with flowers, stood in the centre of the large, lofty room; and round them were grouped the young women, with here and there a father or a mother. The members of the

Union who did the honours, and who were distinguished by a tiny white rosette on the left shoulder, were handing round French—*i.e.*, weak—tea, and delicate little biscuits. Chatting and sipping and munching we passed a pleasant half-hour, then a very interesting event took place. The young women had collected among themselves and a very few friends the sum of seventy-eight francs to send to M. Cristol, for the poor famine-stricken Basutos, and two of their number had to be chosen to carry the money to the treasurer for the African Missionary Society. But the young women are so close and hard at work all day and every day, that it was very difficult to find two who could go. There was no want of *will*, for M. Cristol was an artist of the neighbourhood, who, passing the *salle* one evening, was invited in, accepted the invitation, and by God's grace, was then and there converted. Still a painter, he is now also and *par excellence* a missionary in Basutoland, whence from time to time he sends home letters, with sketches of members of his poor flock and their dwellings, &c., to interest our Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes in his work among the heathen.

At last the deputation was selected, and then the little, old harmonium, which is soon, I hear, to give place to a handsome American organ, was moved close to the circle, and we sang "Joie au Ciel," the beautiful story of the Prodigal. I found, to my dismay, that one of the pedals was broken; however I said nothing, and the remaining *one* did wonderfully well.

The young women sing heartily and sweetly in two parts, and are of great service in helping the singing at the evening meetings. The twenty-third Psalm was then read, and we sang the sweet version of it, beginning "L'Eternal est mon Berger," after which stirring speeches were made by two friends as to the necessity of the young women exerting themselves to attract other young girls, who often so much need such a centre of good influence.

Then three presentations of flowers were made to lady friends and la Présidente in graceful French fashion, accompanied by a kiss on each cheek. Indeed it would have been difficult to count the number of kisses given and received on entering and leaving and during the evening. A very touching and useful address was delivered at the close by a Calais friend, who hoped that each *jeune fille* would bring to the weekly Sabbath meeting a portion of spiritual food, that a varied and

soul-nourishing repast might be spread on the board; who prayed that the young women's little room might be a perfumed place, from which each member would go forth week by week with a fresh odour of holiness to attract and influence her own special circle. "Ah! donne à mon âme plus de sainteté" was then sung, a fervent prayer was offered up, and we were ready for the last *au revoirs*. Seven or eight new members had been enrolled in the course of the evening.

The Union comprises more than one sincere Christian, and I have frequently heard most fervent, child-like prayers ascend from that little room. One sweet young woman who knows that her time here can't be long "has a desire to depart and to be with the Master," yet willingly stays that she may work for Him.

All the proceedings of the soirée were arranged and carried out by French people, indeed I myself was the only person there who was not French; and I felt it good to be there in that atmosphere of warm human affection and sincere love to God.

During the past year the young women studied together the Gospel of Mark, taking about twenty verses each time, and interchanging sentiments and thoughts on the subject.

May the Young Women's Christian Association of — receive a fresh impulse from that happy Monday evening, and start anew with wider, higher aim than ever before.—May it indeed be a little leaven, leavening all around. J. G.

9th April, 1885.

An Opening at Creil.

At the request of Mr. Bluett, I attended a prayer meeting held in one of the upper rooms of the Hotel du Centre at Chantilly, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 14th April. I there met several English Christians from Saxby and Farmer's works at Creil, who invited me to go and speak at a meeting there, to which the French people would be asked to come.

This meeting was held on Tuesday, the 21st; about a hundred persons attended. Addresses were given in English and in French; prayer was also offered in both languages. Sankey's hymns were sung in English and French at the same time. An English young lady played the harmonium. Several of the French women shed tears, and the people unanimously requested that these meetings should be repeated. At the close several persons came forward offering money to purchase Bibles.

They were told of the M^cAll Mission and its work, and the organisers of the meeting expressed the hope that they also might enjoy the benefits of the Mission, especially on behalf of the French community. The English friends, in whose hall we met, were anxious that it should be used by the M^cAll Mission for periodical meetings, weekly if possible. It is the *Salle à manger des Anglais*, put up with a view to religious meetings as well. These have been held there for several years past, and the chief supporters of the work are Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians. An Anglican service is occasionally held by the chaplain from Chantilly. A Sunday-school is carried on in English and French. The Sunday after the French meeting, French people attended the usual English service conducted by one of the foremen. One of the English ladies having received French illustrated papers from the M^cAll Mission depot, went and distributed them from door to door; the result was that a band of French children joined hands on the road one day, walked up to her to thank her, and ask permission to attend the Sunday-school. God grant that the English colony at Creil be a light shining in a dark place, a reflection of "the Light of the World."

Creil is a manufacturing town, situated at an hour's railway drive on the main line to Calais, and lies in a lovely valley through which calmly flows the Oise.

S. H. A.

Some of our Missions in the South.

Mr. M^cAll could not leave Paris. It became my privilege, at the Committee's request, to accompany M. Saillens on a tour of inspection and superintendence. We were also to hold meetings at the wintering places of resort along the Riviera.

MARSEILLES was the first place to receive us. We were not disappointed in our welcome, nor were we wholly unprepared in our expectations of a generous cordiality, for unity of work makes community of sympathy.

Nevertheless the sympathetic heartiness of so many Christian pastors and Christian people of the churches was beyond all expectation, and has become a sunny memory of sunny days in a sunny land. Our first greeting of the Churches was in the Protestant Temple, where perhaps twelve hundred people were congregated. Not a few of them now "members of the French Churches," were the direct fruits of the Mission. The pastors

spoke from large hearts, M. Saillens, who responded, was himself in felicity of feeling and of phrase. The people knew that the founder of these Missions loved them, and M. Saillens realised that they had not forgotten him. And when the writer of this was called to say a word of greeting he could think of nothing other than the words of Paul to the Ephesians, "For He is our peace, who hath made both one. For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God."

Nothing could exceed the unqualified public testimonies to the value of the missions given by the pastors of Marseilles. They have associated themselves with it. They are a part of it, and for the first time it was permitted me to see how the churches and the missions co-ordinate, and in loving combination become joint factors in this aggressive evangelical work. We found the missions well directed, with a wise unity, not only bearing the Gospel to the needy, but so conserving the evangelising influences as to make them permanent and educative.

The meetings in the halls were characterised by serious earnestness, and the fraternal gatherings of those who were "once afar off, but had now been brought nigh" filled the largest rooms of the missions. How attentive, how eager, how grateful and glad they were! Already the fruitage justifies and repays whatever has been given and done. I visited several times the Marseilles Training School, under Pastor Richard. This is a feature of the work which I did not expect fully to approve, when theological seminaries not overcrowded and yet needed are so near, where able professors could easily care for larger numbers of students. I withdrew, however, without reserve my previous interrogation points, after an observation of the peculiar and practical operation of the school, and upon witnessing the training for immediate evangelistic work and engagement in it. Delightfully convinced, I am glad to recant. Pastor Richard is the right man in the right place.

What pleased me much was the fraternity and co-operative spirit of the Marseilles pastors. I was charmed with their devotedness and faith. They are brethren strong, able, self-sacrificing, and far-seeing.

The Marseilles Mission in its entirety and methods is an institution. It has the marks of permanency. It has an energy of its own. It is a centre of Christian activities, and easily

recognised influences. The churches have been wise to foster it; nay, more, they have seen what they may do in it and with it, and what it may do for them. They feel the warmth of the evangelistic flame. As they help to feed it and keep it alive, they find the fire upon their own altars. Most significantly, the women of these Marseilles churches have organised a "Women's Board of Missions," looking to active co-operation and pecuniary support. It is prophetic with promise. The "soldiers' meetings" were crowded full, and influences begun in them are carried to remote parts of France, where these soldiers are mustered out.

CANNES.—This mission has other characteristics, and has but a single hall. It is, however, a little bright light in a dark place. The missions have a noble co-operation in the sympathy of Christian men and women from England and Scotland who have winter residences in this most beautiful spot. Memorable days these were at Cannes. Grand Christians we met here. The Christian home which welcomed us was in spirit, in consecration, and in service a little section of heaven. The meetings arranged for us were refreshing in good will and generous in benevolence.

NICE is not a place which a stranger would mark for its religious features. At the same time, while crowds of people were wholly given to pleasures, and the railway trains were loaded with passengers who went daily between Nice and Monte Carlo, a hundred people, needy and feeling their need, recognising themselves as souls, were gathering seven nights in the week at the mission hall in Nice. They were praying and asking for forgiveness of sin, and peace with God. A nameless lady who does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth, in her sacrificial and most generous gifts to the mission here is laying up for herself rich treasures in heaven, where she may meet many who shall then thank her for her devoted love to Christ.

CORSICA certainly needs the Gospel. We arrived there before daybreak, but in these early hours women were at the wharf to carry our trunks upon their heads, to our places of destination. Their husbands and brothers were sleeping. The moral state of the island may be inferred from the fact, that out of a population of 250,000, there is an average of 150 assassinations every year. One may find the "Middle Ages" still in Corsica—he will realise why they are called "dark."

A ride over the mountains brought us to Ajaccio. I stood there in an oldish three storied-house, and in the little room where was born one whose name filled the earth; who from this barbarous island went forth and placed a whole family of brothers and sisters on the thrones of the mightiest kingdoms of Europe, and after plucking the crowns from the majesties of great nations for his household, set himself in empire over them all. A remarkable house this, once full of future kings, queens, and emperors. I remember that when at the height of his fame, in one of his more pensive moments, Napoleon contemplated the gradually shrinking dimensions of his renown. Said he, "Now my achievements would fill libraries; but as the years pass on they will be condensed into a book; then into a chapter; next into a page, and finally perhaps into a line. As the centuries come and go, I shall be fortunate if there remains my name."

This man of boundless desires, who could devour half a world and not to be satisfied, spoke truly. It is the fate of the architects of all mere earthly and worldly ambitions, to come at last to nothingness. He is wiser who shall link his name to that Name which is above every name. They who win many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and for ever more, when the memory of the wicked shall rot.

Who would not rather found the McAll Mission, or be among its builders and workers, for the life of souls, than to wear plumes over their destruction? Who would not choose to people heaven with saints, rather than to fill earth with victims; make the beatitudes of Christ felt in human lives, than to dazzle the world for a time with brilliant armies of men killing men?

Here stands the house of Napoleon at Ajaccio, and near by it the little mission hall, presided over by a Waldensian pastor. This latter place in the eyes of God and angels is, no doubt, greater than the former. It is better to help souls to believe in God, to believe in a Saviour, than to make them destroyers of others and of themselves.

In our return home, I bring with me an enlarged regard for our missions in France.

The McAll Missions in these centres of holy influence, in places of need and in places of hope, are not only working, but are teaching the French Churches how to work; and are leading not only souls out of darkness into light, but are putting permanent influences into permanent forms. The immediate

good is unmistakable. I think the remote influences in their far reaching conclusions may be even greater.

A. F. BEARD.

Toulouse.

Letter from Mr. C. Chaigne.

15th April.

Though we have been passing through bad times for our *conférences*, with the rainy weather, local *fêtes*, Easter, &c., yet the Lord has superabundantly blessed us in spiritual matters. During the past month we have had more than twelve conversions, and a great number have made progress in Divine knowledge.

Anxious souls are numerous in Toulouse, and we would have them all take the decided step, and give themselves entirely to the Lord. With this object in view, we thrice invited to meet us, in the *salle*, all those friends, from various parts of the city, who desired to give themselves truly to God. We were perfectly understood, and found gathered together one hundred souls, sighing and thirsting after salvation.

Many wept, and many prayed, confessing their sins. But how difficult it is for these poor souls even to utter a few broken words, to express their feelings, unaccustomed as they are to pray for themselves! Some three or four evidenced the clearest comprehension of the doctrine of Christ; while others, again, showed still much lack of knowledge; but we rejoiced over them, nevertheless, for the Lord is gracious. They acknowledged their sins, and asked for pardon in the name of Jesus, and this is the important point.

An old soldier, who had lost a leg on the field of battle, first requested God to pardon his sins, and then to keep him from again committing those in which he had hitherto lived. He afterwards asked "that health might be granted to all these good *pasteurs*," that they might continue to instruct them; for, if left to themselves, they "would not yet be able to walk alone."

For some time past, a woman had especially attracted our attention. We often noticed the tears running down her cheeks, but we could never speak to her, as she always slipped away in the crowd, and disappeared. At the first of the three *réunions* mentioned she sobbed all the while. At the following meeting she found peace. Her soul is flooded with a

great joy, and her face is radiant. It was to avoid being seen that she slipped away, dreading the persecution that often assails these poor people, and deprives them of their living. She is a widow.

Another widow, of a less respectable character, after having spent several sleepless nights under the burden of her sins, has at last found peace, and now what a thirsting after holiness! "From henceforth I must belong entirely to my Saviour," she says. And again: "All must now be altered. All the past must be put aside. I must change everything, even to my lodgings!" She is undergoing much persecution in consequence. We could tell you many other interesting facts, but enough for to-day.

CHARLES CHAIGNE.

Lorient.

From Pasteur Kissel.

15th March.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—On Friday last we opened, as we had hoped, our new "Salle de Conférence" at Carnel. Not only was the hall itself completely filled, but an immense crowd pressed round the doors outside, not being able to get in. One feature greatly interested us. It was that a large number of our people from Kérentrech, undeterred by the distance and the bad weather, had made their way to this first conference, to encourage us by their presence and to help in the singing of the hymns. This is an evident proof of the deep interest our work excites among these people, and of the attachment they bear to us and to the Gospel we represent.

In this, our first *Réunion*, we explained our aim and object—*i.e.*, putting aside as far as possible all questions, however important they might be, political, social, or ecclesiastical,—to treat above everything the far more important question of our salvation and eternal future.

We were listened to throughout with the greatest interest, and such was, at the conclusion, the serious and devout attention manifested, that we had no hesitation in closing the meeting with prayer.

To-night, Friday (our meeting night), we shall endeavour to obtain "subscribers" (*i.e.*, readers) to our *free* "People's Library." This will enable us to get acquainted with their families, and so to form a choir to practise the McAll hymns.

Madame Kissel has been able to secure for 100 frs. a very good harmonium worth 290 frs. I hope you will approve of the purchase ; it is indispensable for our *salle*.

We took advantage of the visit of Mr. Bertrand, of the "Mission Intérieure," to organise several meetings in the Protestant Temple and in the McAll Salle at Kériado. Crowds everywhere !

C. J. KISSEL.

Auxerre.

A "Military Report" by a Lady.

I am more and more satisfied with the work to which I have given myself. The number of soldiers increases every day. They welcome me at the *salle* with the greatest delight. My "alphabet class," seated round a large table ready for their lesson, greet my arrival as a nestful of young chaffinches greet the return of the mother-bird.

I study these soldiers, learn to know their characters, and strive to touch their souls in the most vulnerable spot, so as to win them for Christ, for they would not listen quietly to any individual exhortation from my husband.

The number of our musicians also increases, and it will soon become necessary to procure another harmonium, for the first band of comers are getting vexed because of the many learners whose practising prevents them singing their beloved hymns. It is a fine sight to see such a large number of soldiers singing our hymns with all their might, their comrades joining in.

At our service on Sunday last, our audience was encircled by a belt of twenty soldiers. Among them was a young Protestant sergeant, who afterwards spent the evening with us. We should never have heard of him, but for the serious "inquiry" (*enquête*), of the officers of the regiment. Seeing our tracts in the barracks, and perceiving the number of soldiers who frequented our *salle*, colonel, majors, and captains were troubled in spirit. They summoned the sergeants and corporals and ordered them to see that the men no longer attended the hall, which they considered a "suspicious" place.

A pacific major, however, wished to know what was done there before the men were interdicted the place. A soldier was called.

"What do you do in the reading hall?"

"I read, my commandant, I write, and I improve myself. I am glad to get recreation without expense."

"What is the subject of the books you read?"

"They speak of Jesus the Saviour, my commandant, and then there are other nice and instructive books."

"It is to induce you to change your religion they invite you?"

"No," my commandant; "we have no sermon, and every one is free to do what he likes."

"Very well, if that is the case, you may all continue to go there, for you stand greatly in need of instruction."

N. AUBANEL.

"Nothing to Fear."

Extracted from a Letter of Rev. Wm. Newell.

Now, let me introduce you to one of our habituées at La Villette Salle—Madame Le Clerc. She always sits in the row of chairs directly facing the platform. A few weeks ago she was missing. She did not come to the mothers' meeting. Inquiry was made. No one knew where she was, why she had not come.

Madame Jenny, one of our devoted helpers, went to her tenement, climbed the six stairways to the garret, and knocked at her door. There she found Madame Le Clerc, sick in bed, too feeble to call anyone, not having tasted food for three days, actually dying alone, from exhaustion and starvation.

At once proper care was provided for her. A physician was called, everything done for her recovery, and the dear woman revived as a drooping flower revives in water. We talked with her, and learned that she had been left a widow fifteen months ago. She had supported herself by selling thread, needles, &c., from door to door. Attracted by our singing, as she was passing our *salle*, she entered, and, for the first time in her life, listened to the Gospel and the Word of God.

She gladly accepted that message as the blessing she most needed. Week by week she has received instruction at the meeting, till now she has much experience of the grace of God. The Sisters of Charity, notified by the neighbours that Madame Le Clerc was sick, called to see her. They were surprised and offended to find her reading the Bible, and at once demanded that she should give it to them. "Oh, no!" she replied, "I cannot understand your objection to the Word of God. It is my greatest comfort; I cannot give up my Bible." "Then,"

said the sisters, “we can do nothing for you ; if you suffer it is your own choice.” And these “Sisters of *Charity*” left the poor, lone, sick woman to perish, because she would read the Word of God. . . . Well, she was not left, this poor widow, who loved her Bible better than bread. She has had bread, and care, and love. Many a prayer has been offered for her, and, to our joy, she has risen from her bed, gained strength day by day, and has really come once again to our *réunions*. I can assure you our prayer was one of thanksgiving that night. And when, last night, the question was asked, “What reason have I to be personally sure that I am saved?” Madame Le Clerc was not at a loss for an answer.

Thus, you see how our converts grow in grace, and can understand their patience in suffering. There was nothing the matter with Madame Le Clerc, only she was slowly starving to death ; yet she never spoke to us of this. Day after day her poor business brought her in but a few sous—often nothing at all. Night after night she came to our meeting hungry, almost famished, yet she gave no sign. Her hearty shake of the hand, and “*merci*,” for the privilege of the service, never told us that she suffered, till at length she went out too weak to return, and crawling up on to her bed, she lay there with no power to call anyone—suffering for three days and nights, with no food, no drink, no friend ; enduring the agonies of the slow death of starvation. And yet, when I recalled to this sister in Christ those dreadful days and nights, she said, “*I had nothing to fear, my Saviour was there.*”

Dear friends, David wrote the twenty-third Psalm surrounded with all the provision of the King of Israel. This poor widow of La Villette triumphed in the fulness of this Psalm, starving alone in her garret. I call this Christian heroism.

La Bouchée de Pain.

“A mouthful of bread !” Yes, but a mouthful for a famishing man ! Barely half-a-pound, to be eaten *sur place*, “on the spot.” This is the rule. The “place,” one of the McAll halls, in the Street of the Comet, near the Hotel des Invalides, whose gilt dome can be seen close by. The “famished men” are honest workmen, without work. From January to May they have stood each morning on the pavement opposite, waiting

for the door to open—500 of them (there were this winter 10,000 such in Paris) “en queue,” the “tail” reached up the street and round the corner,—the corner-shop, by-the-by, was a *baker’s*—but the hungry men left it untouched. At 9 A.M. the hall opens, and by 10.32 or 11 A.M. the huge pile of loaves in the corner of the hall is cleared away, not a crumb left for tardy stragglers. They have entered, poor souls, fifty or sixty at a time, eaten their “mouthful,” taken a cup of cold water from the great pitcher on the centre table, and gone out quietly with a touch of the headpiece, and a “*merci*,” to make room for others. During their stay, a little music in the shape of hymns sung was sometimes given them to cheer their flagging spirits, and from time to time some of the workers of the McAll Mission addressed them a few words of life and love, of advice and sympathy. People of many classes, from many quarters, were there—women, children, men, mostly men—some with white hands and fine cloth coats, one with a fur collar, clerks, artists, architects, professors, all *involuntarily* idle, sitting eating their bread with the rough-handed workmen and servants out of place. Readily did Mr. McAll grant the use of the hall to the society who found the bread for the body, while we took the opportunity of distributing the bread of life to many who had never heard of it. More than 1000 gospels and tracts were given away.

E. H. MOGGRIDGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS

IN AID OF THE MISSION ARE RECEIVED BY

Rev. R. W. McALL, 32 Rue Pierre-Guérin, Auteuil, Paris.

Rev. C. E. GREIG, M.A., 40 Boulevard de Reuilly, Bercy, Paris.

M. R. SAILLENS, 177 Avenue de Maine, Paris.

Rev. Dr. BONAR, Grange, Edinburgh.

FRANK A. BEVAN, Esq., 54 Lombard Street, London. E.C.

Rev. R. S. ASHTON, B.A., Evangelical Continental Society, 13 Blomfield Street, London Wall, London.

Rev. HORACE NOEL, M.A., Foreign Evangelisation Society, Woking Station, Surrey.

Rev. JOHN LYNCH, A.M., Monkstown, Ireland.

By the Treasurers and Secretaries of Associations, and by Directors of Branch Missions.